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THE COVNTER SCVFFLE.

Whereunto is added,

THE COVNTER RAT.

Written by R. S.

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THE COVNTER-SCVFFLE.

LEt that Majeſtick pen that writes
Of brave K. *Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their noble feats and fights:
And thoſe who tell of Mice and Frogges,
And of the skirmiſhes of Hogges,
And of fierce *Beares*, and Maſtive Dogges,
Be ſilent.

And now let each one liſten well,
While I the famous Battell tell,
In *Wodſtreet Counter* that befell
In high Lent.

In which great *Scuffle* only twain,
Without much hurt, or being ſlain,
Immortall honour did obtain
By merit.

One was a *Captain* in degree,
A ſtrong and luſty man was hee,
T'other a *Tradeſ-man* bold and free
Of Spirit.
And though he was no man of force,
He had a ſtomack like a Horſe,
And in his rage had no remorſe
Or pitty.
Full nimbly could he cuffe and clout,
And was accounted, without doubt,
One of the prettieſt ſparks about
The City.
And at his weapon any way
He could performe a ſingle fray,
Even from the long pike to the *Tay-*
lors Bodkin.
He reckt not for his fleſh a jot,
He feard nor *Engliſhman* nor *Scot*,
For *Man* or *Monſter*, car'd he not
A Dodkin.
For fighting was his recreation,
And like a man in Deſperation,
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*
He car'd not.
And

And in his Anger (cauſe being given)
To lift his hand 'gainſt good Sir *Steven*,
Or any *Iuſtice* under Heaven,
He fear'd not.

He durſt his enemy withſtand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis* ſand,
And bravely there with ſword in hand
Would greet him.

And noble *Ellis* was his name,
Who 'mongſt his foes to purchaſe fame,
Nor cared though the Devill came
To meet him.

And this brave *Goldſmith* was the man,
Who firſt this worthy brawle began,
Which after ended in a Can
Of milde Beere.

But had you ſeen him when he fought,
How eagerly for blood he ſought,
Ther's no man but would have him thought
A wilde Beare.

Imagine now you ſee a ſcore
Of madcap Gentlemen, or more,
Boyes that did uſe to royſt and rore,
And ſwagger,

Among the which were three or foure,
That rul'd themſelves by wiſdoms lore,
Whoſe very Grandſires ſcarcely wore
A dagger.
A *Prieſt* and *Lawyer*, men well read,
In wiping ſpoones and chipping bread,
And falling to, ſhort grace being ſed,
Full roundly:
Whoſe hungry mawes no Sallets need
Good appetites therein to breed,
Their ſtomacks without ſauce could feed
Profoundly.

'Twas ill that men of ſober dyet,
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet,
Were plac'd with *Ruffins* that to ryot
Were given:
And (O great griefe!) even from their food,
(Their Stomacks too, being ſtrong & good)
And that ſweet place whereon it ſtood,
Be driven.

But here 'tis fitting I repeat,
What food our dainty Priſoners eat:
But if in placing of the meat
And Diſhes,
From

From curious order I do ſwerve,
'Tis that themſelves did none obſerve,
For which nor fleſh they did deſerve,
Nor Fiſhes.

But ſome (perhaps) will ſay that Lent,
Affords them not what here is ment,
So much, ſo good, and that they went
Without it

'Tis like: but if I adde a Diſh,
Or twain, or three, of Fleſh or Fiſh,
They either had, or did it wiſh,
Ne're doubt it.

Then wipe your mouthes, while I declare,
The goodneſſe of this Lenten fare,
Which is in Priſon very rare,
I tell ye.

Furmity ſweet as any Nut, *The Supper.*
As good as ever ſwill'd a Gut.
And butter ſweet as e're was put
In belly.

Egges by the dozen, new and good,
Which in white Salt uprightly ſtood,
And meats which heat and ſtir the Blood
To action.

As

As butter'd *Crabs*, and *Lobsters* red,
Which send the marryed payre to bed,
And in loose bloods have often bred
A Faction.

Fish butter'd to the Platters brim,
And Parsnips did in Butter swim,
Strew'd ore with Pepper neat and trim
Salt Salmon.

Smelts cryde, come eat me, do not stay,
Fresh Cod, and *Maids* full neerely lay,
And next to these a lusty *Ba-*
con Gammon
Stuck thick with Cloves upon the back,
Well stuft with Sage, and for the smack,
Daintily strew'd with Pepper black,
Sous'd Gurnet,

Pickrell, Sturgeon, Tench, and *Trout*,
Meat farre too good for such a rout,
To tumble, tosse, and throw about
And spurn it.

The next, a *Neats-tongue* neatly dryde,
Mustard and *Suger* by his side.
Rochets butter'd, *Flounders* fryde,
Hot *Custard.*

Eeles boyl'd and broyl'd: and next they bring
Herring, that is the *Fiſhes* King,
And then a Courtly Poll of *Ling*,
And *Muſtard*.

But ſtay, I had almoſt forgot
The fleſh which ſtill ſtands piping hot,
Some from the Spit, ſome from the Pot
New taken.

A *Shoulder*, and a *Leg* of *Mutton*,
As good as ever Knife was put on,
Which never were by a true Glutton
Forſaken.

A *Loyne* of *Veale*, that wold have dar'd
One of the hungrieſt of the *Guard*,
And they ſometimes will feed full hard,
Like tall men.

And ſuch as love the *Luſty Chine*:
But when that I ſhall ſup or dine,
God grant they be no *Gueſts* of mine,
Of all men.

Thus the Deſcriptions are compleat,
Which I have made of men and meat.
Mars ayd me now, while I repeat
The Battle.

Where Pots and Stooles were us'd as Gins,
To break each others Heads, and Shins,
Where blowes did make bones in their skins
To rattle.
Where men to madneſſe never ceaſt,
Till each (furious as a Beaſt)
Had ſpoyld the faſhion of a Feaſt,
Full dainty.
Whereon had they not been accurſt,
They might have fed, till bellies burſt:
But *Ellu* ſhew'd himſelfe the worſt
Of twenty.
For he began this monſtrous brall,
Which afterward incens'd them all,
To throw the meat about the Hall,
That Even.
And now give eare unto the jarre,
That fell between theſe men of warre,
Wherein ſo many a harmleſſe skarre
was given.
The board thus furniſht, each man ſate,
Some fell to feeding, ſome to prate,
Mong whom a jarring queſtion ſtrait
was riſen.
For

For they grew hotly in diſpute,
What Calling was of moſt repute:
Twas well their wits were ſo acute
In Priſon.
While they diſcours'd, the *Parſon* blythe *Parſon.*
Fed, as he meant to have the Tythe
Of every Diſh, being ſharp (as Sythe)
In feeding.
But haſte had almoſt made him choke,
Or elſe, perhaps, he would have ſpoke
In prayſe of his long-thred-bare Cloke,
And breeding.
But after a deliberate pauſe,
The *Lawyer* ſpoke, as he had cauſe, *Lawyer.*
In commendation of the *Lawes*
Profeſſion.
The *Law*, quoth he, by a juſt doome,
Doth cenſure all that to it come,
And ſtill defends the innocent from
Oppreſſion.
It favours Truth: it curbs the hope
Of Vice; it gives Allegeance ſcope;
Provides a Gallowes and a Rope
For Treaſon.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it
Which makes us here in priſon ſit,
Which grounded is on holy Writ
And Reaſon.
To which all men muſt ſubject be,
As we by daily proofe do ſee,
From higheſt to the low'ſt degree;
The *Scholler*,
Noble, and *Rich*: It doth ſubdue
The *Souldier*, and his ſwaggering crue,
But at that word the *Captaine* grew
In choller.
The Souldier. He lookt full grim, and at firſt word
Rapt out an Oath, that ſhook the board,
And ſtruck his fiſt, that the ſound roar'd
Like thunder.
It made all skip that ſtood him neere,
The frighted *Cuſtard* quak'd for feare,
And thoſe that heard it, ſtricken were
With wonder.
Nought did he now, but frown and puffe,
And having ſtar'd and ſwore enough,
Thus he began in language rough:
Thou cogging,
Baſe

Baſe foyſting *Lawyer*, that doſt ſet
Thy minde on nothing but to get
Thy living by thy damned pet-
tifogging,
A Slave, that ſhall for halfe a Crown,
With Buckram bag, and daggled Gown,
Wait like my dogge about the Town,
And follow
A buſineſſe of the Devils part,
For fees, though not with Law nor Art:
But head as empty as thy heart
Is hollow.
You ſtay at home and pocket fees,
While we abroad our bloods do leeſe,
And then, with ſuch baſe termes as theſe
You wrong us.
But *Lawyer*, it is ſafer farre
For thee to prattle at a Barre,
Than once to ſhew thy face i'th' warre,
Among us.
Where to defend ſuch thankleſſe Hinds,
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to ſtormy winds,
And weathers,

And oft in blood he wades full deep,
Your throats from forraine ſwords to keep,
And wakes when you ſecurely ſleep
In feathers.
What could your *Lawes* or *Statutes* do
Againſt Invaſions of the *Foe*,
Did not the valiant *Souldier* go
To quell'em?
And to prevent your further harmes,
With Enſigne, Fife, and loud Alarmes
Of warlike Drum, by force of Armes
Repell'em?
Your *Treſpaſſe Action* will not ſtand,
For ſetting foot upon your Land,
When they in ſcorn of your *Command*
Come hither.
No remedy in *Courts* of *Powles*,
In *Common Place* or in the *Rowles*,
For jolling of your *Iobbernolls*
Together.
Wer't not for us, thou *Swad*, quoth he,
Where would'ſt thou fog to get a fee?
But to defend ſuch things as thee,
'Tis pitty.
For

For ſuch as thou, eſteeme us leaſt,
Who ever have beene ready preſt,
To guard you, and the *Cuckowes* neſt,
Your *City.*

That very word made *Ellis* ſtart,
And all his blood ran to his heart, *Citizen.*
He ſhook, and quak'd in every part
With anger.

He lookt, as if nought might aſſwage
The heat of his inflamed rage,
His very countenance did preſage
Some danger.

A *Cuckowes* neſt? quoth he: and ſo,
He humm'd, and held his head full low,
As if diſtracted thoughts did o-
verpreſſe him.

At length, quoth he, my Mother ſed, *Ellis a Briſtow man.*
At *Briſtow* ſhe, was brought abed,
And there was *Ellis* born and bred,
(God bleſſe him.)

Of *London* City I am free,
And there I firſt my *Wife* did ſee,
And for that very cauſe, quoth he,
I love it.

And

And he that cals it *Cuckowes* neſt,
Except he ſayes he ſpeaks in jeſt,
He is a villain and a beaſt,
Ile prove it.
This Ile maintain, nor do I care,
Though *Captaine Pot-gun* ſtamp and ſtare,
And ſwagger, ſweare, and teare his hayre
In fury.
And with the hazard of my blood,
Ile fight up to the knees in mud,
But I will make my quarrell good,
Aſſure ye.
For though I am a man of Trade,
And free of *London* City made,
Yet can I uſe *Gun*, *Bill*, and *Blade*
In battle.
And Citizens, if need require,
Themſelves can force the Foe retire,
What ever this *Low-Countrey* Squire
Do prattle.
For we have Souldiers of our own,
Able enough to guard the Town,
And Captaines of moſt faire renown,
About it,
If

If any Foe ſhould fight amaine,
And ſet on us with all his Traine,
Wee'll make him to retire againe,
Nere doubt it.
We have fought well in dangers paſt,
And will do while our lives do laſt,
Without the help of any caſt
Commanders,
That hither come, compell'd by want,
With ruſty Swords, and Suits Provant,
From *Utrich*, *Numigen*, or *Gaunt*
In *Flanders*.
The *Captaine* could no longer hold,
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too hold,
And call'd him
Proud *Boy*, and for his ſawcy ſpeech,
Did ſhortly vow to whip his breech:
Then *Ellis* ſnatcht the Pot, with which
He mall'd him.
He threw the Iugge, and therewithall,
He gave the *Captaine* ſuch a mall,
As made him thump againſt the wall
His Crupper.

With that the *Captaine* took a Diſh
That ſtood brim-full of butterd Fiſh,
As good any hearts could wiſh
To Supper.
And as he threw, his foot did ſlide,
Which turn'd his arme and diſh aſide,
And all be-Butter-fiſhifide
Nic Ballat.
And he good man did none diſeaſe,
But ſitting quiet and at eaſe,
With butterd *Rochets* ſought to pleaſe
His Pallat.
But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rag'd and ſwore, and grew ſtark mad,
Some in the roome been better had
without him.
For he took hold of any thing,
And firſt he caught the Poll of *Ling*,
Which he couragiouſly did fling
About him.
Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,
Who at the boord in higheſt place
was ſeated.
And

And as the *Lawyer* thought to riſe,
The Salt was thrown into his eyes,
Which him of ſight in wofull wiſe
Defeated.
All things neere hand, *Nic Ballat* threw:
At length his butterd *Rochets* flew,
And hit by chance, among the crew,
The Parſon.
The Sauce his coat did all be-wet,
The *Prieſt* began to fume and frer,
The Seat was butterd which he ſet
His--on.
He knew not what to do or ſay,
It was in vaine to Preach or pray,
Or cry you are all gone aſtray,
Good people.
He might as well go ſtrive to teach
Divinity beyond his reach,
Or when the Bels ring out, go preach
I'th Steeple.
At this miſchance the ſilly man,
Out of the roome would faine have ran,
And very angerly began
To mutter!

Ill luck had he, for after that,
One threw the *Parſneps* full of fat,
Which ſtuck like Brooches in his Hat,
With Butter.
Out of the place he ſoone repaires,
And ran halfe headlong down the Staires,
And made complaint to Maſter *Ayres*
With crying.
Vp ran he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did ſcatter,
Here a Trencher, there a Platter
Were lying.
I dare not ſay he ſtunk for wo,
Nor will, unleſſe I did it know,
But ſome there be that dare ſay ſo,
That ſmelt him.
Nor could yee blame him, if he did,
For they threw diſhes at his head,
And did with Egges and Loaves of bread,
Bepelt him.
He thruſt himſelfe into the throng,
And us'd the vertue of his tongue
But what could one mans word among
So many?

The *Candles* all were ſhuffled out,
The Victuals flew afreſh about:
Was never ſuch a Combat fought
By any.

Now in the dark was all the coyle,
Some were bloody in the broyle,
And ſome lay ſteept in *Saller-Oyle*,
And *Muſtard*.

The ſight would make a man affeard:
Another had a butterd Beard,
Anothers face was all beſmeard
With *Cuſtard*.

Others were dawb'd up to the knee
With butterd *Fiſh* and *Furmitie*.
And ſome the men could ſcarcely ſee
That beat 'em.

Under the boord *Lluellin* lay,
Being ſore frighted with the fray,
And as the weapons flew that way,
He eat 'em.

Wil. Lluellin, *a Priſoner there, ſometime the Keeper.*

The bread ſtuck in the windowes all,
Like bullets in a *Caſtle* wall,
Which furious Foes do ſeek to ſcale
In battle.

Shoulders of *Mutton*, and Loynes of *Veale*,
Appointed for to ſerve the Meale,
About their eares full many a Peale
Did rattle.

One of the under Keepers. The which when *Ouen Blany* ſpide,
Oh, take away their Armes he cryde,
Leſt ſome great hurt do them betide,
Prevent it.

And then the Knave away did ſteale,
Of food that fell, no little deale,
And in his houſe at many a meale
He ſpent it.

The *Captaine* ran the reſt among,
As eager to revenge the wrong
Done by the *Pot* which *Ellis* flung
So ſtoutly.

And angry *Ellis* fought about,
To finde th: furious *Captaine* out,
At length they met, and then they fought
Devoutly.

Now being met, they never lin,
Till with their lowd robuſtious din,
The roome and all that was therein,
Did rumble.

In-

Iuſtead of weapons made of Steele,
The *Captaine* took a ſalted *Eele*,
And at each blow made *Ellis* reele,
And tumble.

Ellis a Pippin pie had got,
A ſorer weapon than the Pot:
For lo, the Apples being hot,
Did ſcald him.

The *Captaine* layd about him ſtill,
As if he would poore *Ellis* kill,
And with his *Eele* with a good will
He mall'd him.

At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art
A fellow of couragious heart,
Yeeld now, and I will take thy part
Hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, much I ſcorne to heare
Thy words of threats, being free from feare.
With which he hardly could forbeare
From laughter.

Together then afreſh they flie,
The *Eele* againſt the *Pippin Pie*:
But *Blany* ſtood there purpoſely
To watch 'em.

The

The weapons wherewithall they fought,
Were thoſe, for which he chiefly ſought,
And with an eager ſtomack thought
To catch 'em.
But ſcap'd not now ſo well away,
As at the *Veale* and *Mutton* fray:
He thought to have with ſuch a prey
His jawes fed.
But all his hope did turne aſide,
He lookt for that which luck deny'd:
For *Ellis* all be-Pippin-pyde
His Calves head.
Wo was the caſe he now was in,
The Apples hot, did ſcald the skin,
His Skull, as it had rotten bin,
Did coddle.
With that one foole among the rout,
Made out-cry all the houſe about,
That *Blany's* braines were beaten out
His noddle.

A Turnkey a fat fellow.

Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would ſee,
What all this coyle and ſtirre might be,
And up the Staires, his Guts and he
Went wadling.

But

But when he came the Chamber neare,
Behind the doore he ſtood to heare,
But in he durſt not come for feare
Of ſwadling.

There ſtood he in a frightfull caſe,
And as by chance he ſtird his face,
Full in the mouth a butterd Playce
Did hit him.

Away he ſneakt, and with his tongue
He lick'd and ſwallow'd up the wrong,
And as he went the roome along,
Be---him.

For help now, doth poore *Lockwood* cry,
O bring a Surgeon, or I dy,
My guts out of my belly fly,
Come quickly.

Blany with open mouth likewiſe,
For preſent help of Surgeon cryes,
Pitty a man, quoth he, that lyes
So ſickly.

Phillips, the skilfull Surgeon then,
Was call'd, and call'd, and call'd agen,
If he had skill to cure theſe men,
To ſhew it.

At length he comes, and firſt he puts
His hands to feele for *Lockwods* guts,
Which came not forth ſo ſweet as Nuts,
All know it.
He cryes for water. In the mean
One cals up *Madge* the *Kitchin quean*,
To take and make the Baby clean,
And clout it.
Faſt by the Noſe ſhe took the Squall,
And led him ſoftly through the Hall,
Leſt the perfume through knees ſhould fall
About it.
Shee turn'd his Hoſe beneath the knee,
Nor could ſhe chuſe but laugh to ſee
That yellow, which was wont to bee
A white breech.
Shee took a Diſh-clout off the Shelfe,
And with it wip't the durty Elfe,
Which had not wit to help it ſelfe,
Poore---breech.
Thus leaving *Lockwood* all be-rayd,
Vnto the mercy of the Mayd,
Who well deſerved to be payd
For taking
Such

Such homely paines. Now let us caſt
Our thoughts back on the ſtirre that's paſt,
And them whoſe bones could not in haſte
Leave aking.
And like the Candles, ſhall my Pen
Shew you theſe Gallants once agen,
Which now like *Furies*, not like men,
Appeared.
Freſh lights being brought, t'appeaſe the bral,
Shew twenty mad men in the Hall,
With Blood and Sauce their faces all
Beſmeared.
Their Cloathes rent, and ſouſt in drink,
Oyle, *Muſtard*, *Butter*, and the ſtink
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one think
In ſadneſſe
That theſe ſo monſtrous creatures dwell,
Either in *Bedlam*, or in Hell,
Or that no tongue, or pen can tell
Their madneſſe.
They were indeed diſ-figured ſo,
Friend knew not friend, nor foe man foe,
And each man ſcarce himſelfe did know:
But after

A frantick ſtaring round about,
They ſuddenly did quit their doubt,
And loudly all at once brake out
In lafter.

The heat of all is now alayd,
The Keepers gently do perſwade,
And (as before) all friends are made,
Full kindly.

Ellis, the *Captaine* doth imbrace;
The *Captaine* doth returne the grace,
And ſo do all men in the place,
As friendly.

By *Iove*, I love thee, *Ellis* cry'd,
The *Captaine* ſoon as much reply'd,
Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd:
And *Vulcan*

With *Mars* at ods again ſhall be,
Ere any jarres twixt thee and me;
And thereupon I drink to thee
A full Can.

And then he kneel'd upon the ground,
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
For ever ſhall be held renownd:
And never
May

May any quarrell twixt us twaine
Arise, or this renew againe:
But may we loving friends remaine
For ever.

Amen, cry'd *Captaine*, ſo did all,
And ſo the Health went through the Hall,
And thus the Noble *Counter*-brall
was ended.

But hunger now did vex 'em more
Than all their anger did before:
They ſearcht i'th roome how farre their ſtore
Extended.

They want the meat which *Blany* ſtole:
One findes a *Herring* in a hole,
With durt and duſt black as a cole,
And trodden

All under feet; The next in poſt
Snaps up and feeds on what was loſt,
And looks not whether it be roſt
Or ſodden.

A third findes in another place
A peece of *Ling* in durty caſe,
And *Muſtard* in his fellowes face.
Another

Eſpies, that findes a loafe of bread:
A diſh of butter all beſpread,
And ſtuck upon anothers head
I'th poother.
Thus what they found, contented ſome,
At length the Keeper brings a Broome,
Meaning therewith to cleanſe the roome,
With ſweeping.
But under Table, on the ground,
Looking to ſweep, by chance he found
Luellin, faining to be ſound-
ly ſleeping.
He pull'd him ſo ſwift out by the heeles,
As if his arſe had ran on wheeles.
And found his pocket ſtuft with *Eeles*:
His Cod-peece
Did plenty of proviſion bring,
Somwhat it held of every thing,
Smelts, *Flounders*, *Rochets*, and of *Ling*
A broad peece.
At this diſcovery each man round,
Took equall ſhare of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drownd
In good drink.

For

For of good Beere there was good ſtore,
Till all were glad to give it ore,
For each man had enough, and more.
That would drink.
And when they thus had drunk and fed,
(As if no quarrell had been bred)
They all ſhook hands, and all to bed
Did ſhuffle.

Ellis, the glory of this Town,
With that brave *Captaine* of renown:
And thus I end this famous *Coun-*
ter-Scuffle.

FINIS.

Lhuelsin

To the Reader.

THis Bacchanalian Night-prize of the Counter-Scuffle, being thus finiſhed, hath ever ſince frighted both Priſoners and Iaylors from comming into any roome, for feare of a ſecond uproare. So that the Counter, for want of ſweet garniſhing, and cleanly looking to, is grown ſo naſty, that no man (by his good will) will thruſt his noſe in, at any of the grates: Nay, will rather go a mile about, than come neere it; Though to keep it ſweet, a great deale of Mace is ſtuck upon every Sergeant, as if he were a Capon in white-broth.

Vpon this ſlovenlineſſe, it is wofully haunted with Rats, not ſuch Rats as runne up and downe in Brew-houſes, ſucking the new wort of ſtrong

Beere ſo long, and in ſuch abundance, that halfe the City is compelled to drink Beere as ſmall as water: Nor thoſe Rats which are not mealy mouth'd in Bake-houſes, where they gnaw ſo many batches of Bread, that a Penny-loafe wants ſometimes three or foure ounces in waight: And then the honeſt Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently ſet in the Pillory.

Neither are they thoſe Rats, which greaze their throats in Tallow-Chandlers ſhops, where they nibble ſo much upon Candles, that not one pound in an hundred is ever full waight.

No, theſe are no Rats with foure legs, but only two; and though they have neſts in a thouſand places of London, *yet for the moſt part they run but into two Rat-traps, that's to ſay. The Counters of* Wood-ſtreet *and the* Poultry, *and for that cauſe are called Counter-Rats.*

How caught, how mowz'd, and what they are,
This picture lively doth declare.

THE

THE COVNTER RAT.

OF Knights and Squires of low degree,
Of Roaring Boyes, that ſtick and ſnee,
Of Battoon Dam-mees, that cry Bree,
I ſing now,
At men and women, (Bawds and Whores)
At Pimps and Panders that keep doores,*
At all that out-face Vintners ſcores,
I ſling now.
What ſling I? Nothing, but light rimes,
(Not tun'd as are S^t. *Pulchers* chimes)
No ſteeples height my Muſe now climbes,
But flyeth
Cloſe to the ground as Swallowes do,
When rainy weather muſt enſue,
She flies, and ſings; and if not true,
She lyeth.

* *I mean no lay-doors: Thoſe are too honeſt.*

Lay (**Hocus Pocus*) thy tricks by,
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads die,
Thy theaming likewiſe I defie,
O *Fenner.*
Let Hogdſdon Scrapers on their Baſe
Sound Fum-fum-fum, from totterd caſe,
Nor Meane, nor Treble now take place,
But Tennor:
A Counter-Tennor is that Note,
Too eaſie,—'tis nere ſung by rote,
But got with wetting well your throat
With Claret,
Or ſtout March-beere, or Windſor Ale,
Or Labour-in-vaine, (ſo ſeldome ſtale,)
Or Pymlico, whoſe too great ſale
Did marre it:
He that me reads, ſhall fall out flat
With *Homers* Frog, and *Virgils* Gnat,
And *Ovids* Flea, which ſo neere ſat
The Moon-ſhine.
For I of ſtranger wonders write,
Of a wilde Vermin got each night,
Mad Buls i'th dark, but Guls in ſight
Of Sun-ſhine.

* *The Kings Iuggler.*

My

My Metamorphoſis is rare,
For Men to Rats transformed are,
And then, thoſe Rats are Priſoners fare,
O pitty!
But 'tis good ſport to ſee them dreſt,
To garniſh out a Mornings Feaſt,
Each bit being ſalted with a jeſt
Scarce witty:
Theſe are not Rats that nibble cheeſe,
Or challenge mouldy cruſts for fees,
And rather will their long tayles leeſe
Than Bacon:
No, theſe are they, whoſe guts being cram'd,
(As Cannons hard with powder ram'd)
And Bag-pipe cheekes with wines inflam'd,
Are taken
By Conſtables and Bill-men eke,
Who ſpeak not Latine, French, nor Greek,
But are Night-Sconces out to ſeek
Night-Sneakers,
Who late in Taverns up do ſit,
Whiffing Smoke Money, Time, and Wit,
Pouring in Boules, till out they ſpit
Full Beakers.

These (then) being to the Counter led,
Each Prisoner shakes his shaggie head,
And leaning halfe out of his bed,
A laughing
Fals, —And cries out—A Rat—A Rat.
Oh! roares another;—Is he fat?
If not,—Fley off his cloak or hat;
Thus scoffing,
Till Morne they lye.—The poore Rat gets
Into some hole,—Besides his wits,
To heare such catterwalling fits,
So fright him:
But day being rise,—All up do rise,
And call for Beere to cleare his eyes,
A Garnish then the whole Roome cryes,
They bite him.
Aske any how such newes I tell,
Of *Wood-streets* hole, or *Poultries* hell?
Know, I did 'mongst those Gypsies dwell,
That cozen there,
I mean the Turn-keyes, and those Knaves,
Who rack, for fees, men, worse than slaves;
I saw brought in with bills and glaves,
Some dozen there.
For

For I one night by Rug-gownes caught,
Was for a Rat toth' Counter brought,
What there my deere experience bought,
Ile sell yee
Cheaper, than I could have it there,
For they for Tokens throats will teare,
But such as 'tis, fill with the Cheere
Your belly.

Prick up your eares,—for I begin
To tell, what Rats, my night, came in,
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Ginne,
But mildly,
Being call'd before the Bench of Wits,
Who sit out midnights Bedlam fits;
But some being rid, like Iades with bits,
Ran wildly.

First, about twelve, the Counter gates
Thundred with thumping:—Dores & grates
Reel'd at the peale,—when our Prison-mates
Vp starting,
Saw in the yard a frantick Swarm,
Crying, O my head, neck, sides, leg, arme,
Sore had the fight been, but small harme
At parting,

It

It was a Watch, ſwearing We bleed,
But 'twas their noſes dropt indeed;
Maſters (quoth they) We charge take heed
Of him there.

A Roaring Rat.

THat Royſter, us to our trumps has put,
And run our Beadle through a gut,
His Bilbo has from each man cut
A limb here.
They gone, Vp comes the Bredah-Bouncer,
His tusks ſtiffe-ſtracht like a brave Mounſer,
Of Turnebull-Puncks a ſtaring Trouncer,
Some knew him;
Why, here (quoth we) Why? zounds becauſe
I tugg'd with Beares, and par'd their pawes,
But ſure I mall'd Mr Conſtables lawes,
O ſlew him:
All's one, —ſayd one, Pleaſe you to bed Sir?
He (ſwearing) roa'd, I'm better bred Sir,
I ſcorn to rock my Harneſſe-Head Sir,
In feathers;
Give

Give me a Brick, Sir, for my bolſter,
An Armourer ſtill is my Vpholſter,
In froſt, ſnow, muck-hils I can roll Sir,
Hang weathers.
Rogue, fetch me a ſweet truſſe of ſtraw,
To fire thy Iayle,— Pox a this Law,
That coopes a Souldier like Iack Daw,
I'ſt treaſon?
Raſcall! more Claret, There's none here Sir,
Why then (you mangie Cur) ſome beere Sir,
There's not a Tapſter dares come neere Sir:
Thy reaſon?
Becauſe you thwack out ſuch huge words Sir,
His wezand fears them worſe than (words Sir
Mum then,—Ile take a nap o'th'boords Sir,
He ſleeps there.

A Croſſe legg'd Rat.

A Puritan Taylor then came in,
Who, (to take meaſure) out had bin,
And (Maudlin-drunk) to rince his ſin,
He weeps there.

Weepes to be call'd a Rat, being known
A man at leaſt, —ſo down being thrown
On a hard Bench, thus did he groan
In ſorrow;
Brethren, where am I? One reply'd,
In *Wood-ſtreet* Counter. — O my pride!
Thou art tane down, and I muſt hide
Too morrow
A head that was not hid before,
Wo worth him makes *Manaſſes* roare,
But die I may not in his ſcore,
Beleeve me,
For conſolation I eſpy
Th'row my ſweet Spaniſh Needles eye,
The Siſters will (if here I lie)
Releeve me,
Siſters i'th' Counter! oh no: here
Only the wicked ones appeare,
Waſh then thy ſhame in briniſh teares,
Confeſſing;
Th'art rightly puniſht for thy Yard,
And for thy Gooſe which graz'd too hard,
And for ſome Stuffes which thou haſt marr'd
With preſſing.

We

We ask'd him, why he was brought in,
Black threds of vice (quoth he) I ſpin,
And then agen did thus begin,
Condoling,
All are not Friers, I ſee, weare Cowles,
Nor all in minc'd ruffes, milk-white ſoules,
I ſhould have talk'd thus when the bowles
Were trolling:
But then, to ſteale I held no harm,
Lappets of drink to keep me warm,
But linings wet, hurt, though they arm,
Indeed-la.
O would my Sheeres might cut my thred,
Why is this croſſe-legg'd miſchiefe bred?
Mending my want from heele to head
With ſpeed-la.
Sorrow has made me dry,—No matter,
Out of mine eyes will I drink water,
No other Ram my braines ſhall batter,
To kill me,
Roofe, touch no more wines (French or Spa-
All drinks Papiſticall I baniſh, [niſh)
Out of my lips this phrase ſhall vaniſh,
Boy,--Fill me.

One bid him call for beere,—He ſed,
Oh! No more beere,—But reach me bread,
By that Ile ſweare,—Would I were dead,
And rotten,
When I agen ſwill ought but whay,
Yet left (being cold) my zeale decay,
Hot waters ſhall not be one day
Forgotten.

An old gray Rat.

THis done, he nods, and quickly ſnores;
And then afreſh wind flie the doores,
An Vſurer hedg'd in with mad Whores,
Came wallowing,
As does a great Ship on the Seas,
Set on by Gallies,—for, all theſe
Were Fiſh-wives, who had wine at eaſe
Been ſwallowing,
And blown him up with penny-pots
Of Sack, which fall to him by lots,
Payd him at weeks end by th'old Trots,
For ſhillings
Each

Each Monday lent them,—To buy Skate
Crabs, Plaice and Sprats at *Billingſgate*,
Thus, then they met, and hold thus late
Their drillings.
He reſts in peace,--but is not dead,
Yet is wormes meat in lowzie bed,
And lies like one wrapt up in led,
None ſtirr'd him,
But all his Oyſter-mouthes gap'd wide,
(Wine in their guts was at full Tide)
The Devill did ſo their Rumps beſtride,
And ſpurr'd them:
They flung & winc'd, & kick'd down ſtaires
Themſelves, and ſtampt like Flanders Mares,
Hell is broke looſe,-No Keeper dares
Approach them;
For, at that Dogge (beſawc'd in Sack)
They grinde their teeth, and curſe him black,
Crying out, 'Tis thee does break their back,
And broach them
So faſt, that all their gaines boyle out,
Deep-red to dye his pockie ſnout,
But, that which flung theſe brands about
So hotly,

'Gan now to quench them, ſleep does ſound
Retreat, dead-drunk they all lie drown'd
In caſt-up wine, —and on the ground
The ſhot lie.

A Black Rat.

SCarce was this helliſh dinne allayd,
But drencht in mire, with drink berayd,
(New curried) was brought in a Iade
All mettle,
An Eſtridge that iron barres could eat,
And Strong-beere out of Sea-coales beat,
His fifty-cuffes did the Watch fret
And nettle;
This ſecond Smug, who had the ſtaggers,
This Vulcaniſt, whoſe nayles were daggers,
This Smith ſo arm'd in Ale, he ſwaggers,
At ſnoring,
Though lockt up, yet ſet up his trade,
Bolts Hinges, Barres, and Grates he made
Fly,—which being heard, the Iaylors payd
His roaring.
They

They furniſh'd him with iron enough,
Neck, hands, and legs had armour tough,
And ſtronger (but more cold) than Buffe,
To guard him.
How did they this? none durſt come neer him
Like Tom o' Bedlam did they feare him,
All bringing Cans, to pledge them, ſwear him,
So ſnar'd him,
Yet, for all this, he danc'd in's ſhackles,
And cry'd, t'other Pot, I want more tackles,
And thus (till break of day) it cackles,
Lay'd having
The addle Egge of his turn'd braines,
In his iron neſt of ruſty chaines,
Which made him loſe both ſenſe of paines,
And raving.

A Long Tayl'd Rat.

THe next that in our Little Eaſe,
Came to be bit with Lice and Fleas,
Was a ſpruce Knave, like none of theſe,
But ſober,
As

As the Strand May-pole,-- he did go
In ruffe,--His thumb th'row ring did ſhow
A gentleman leal'd,--for he was no
Hog-grubber:
It was a Petty-fogging Varlet,
Whoſe back wore freez, but bum no ſcarlet,
And was tane napping with his Harlot,
At noddy:
But being hal'd in his haire he rent;
And ſwore they all ſhould deere repent
Their baſeneſſe,--for no ill he meant
To her body.
The Priſoners ask'd then what ſhe was,
(Quoth he) My Client,--One well to paſſe,
Though here they impound me like an Aſſe,
Ile ferk them,
Ile make the Beadle pluck in's horne,
He flirted at my noſe in ſcorne,
The Watch ſhall ſtink, the Conſtable mourn,
Ile jerk them,
Hang them (if need be) for they broke
Her houſe,--That's Burglary,--The clock
Scarce counting two,--Then they ſtruck
Ath'mazzard,
An

An action of ſtrong Battry! Good!
They made my noſe then guſh blood,
(One more!)--And that I miſt the mud
Was hazzard.
Here's Law in lumps:--Muſt, when to triall
My Client comes, I have deniall
For ingreſſe to her, by Scabs? A Ryall
I enter
At Midnight,--a plain Caſe,--elſe *Ployden*
The Caſe is altred:--ſhall each *Hoyden*
Barre Law her courſe? Dare ruſtick *Royden*
So venture?
A farthing candle burning by,
By chance his railing rage did die,
Yet to his Breſt, Revenge did crie:
So churning
His brains for Law-tricks how to ſting them,
And up to all the Bafres to bring them,
He ſate, hard-twiſting cords to wring them,
Till morning.

No more of this light skiping verſe,
A dreerie tale I now rehearſe.

LOng this brown ſtudy did not laſt,
But in, at Counter-gates as faſt
Throng'd in the Watch agen, A noiſe
Of ſcraping men and ſqueaking boyes,
Straight fill'd the houſe. The Two-penny (Ward
Leapt up, and fell a dancing hard:
Out at the Hole, all thruſt their heads,
The Knights Ward left their ſeven groat beds
The Maſters ſide hearing the din
Swore, that the Devill was ſure brought in,
But when they heard they Fidlers were,
Some curs'd the noyſe, ſome lent an eare;
None curs'd, but what went drunk to bed,
Being then for want of drink halfe dead.

Lock'd were the Fidlers in a Roome,
All cry'd Strike up, Play Rogues, Fum-fum,
The Minnikin tickled, roare did the Baſe,
Then bawdy ſongs, all ſleep muſt chace;
The men playd heavily, boyes did whine,
Not ſeeing meat, mony, beere, nor wine,
Vp ſuch a laugh the Priſoners took,
That the Beds danc'd, and chambers ſhook,
Nay, the ſtrange Hubbub did ſo pleaſe,
At Priſon-bace ran both Lice and Fleas.

The

The Rozzen rubd off, and Cats guts weary,
We ask'd, how they who made men merry
Grew ſad themſelves, And why (like ſprits)
Fidlers being ſtrung to walk a nights,
Were they lock'd up?--One then, i'th eye
Putting his finger, told us why.
Quoth he, Being met by a mad Crew,
In theſe poore Caſes,--up they drew
Our Fiddles, and like Tinkers ſwore
We ſhould play them to the Blue-Bore,
Kept by mad *Ralph* at *Iſlington*,
Whoſe Hum, and Mum, being powr'd upon
Our guts,--ſo burnt'em, we deſir'd:
To part,--being out o'th' houſe eene fir'd:
As our hands play'd, our Heads were plied,
And, tho, the night was cold, we fried;
For ſuch hot waters ſod our brain,
Like Dawes in *Iune*, we gap'd for rain,
Strong were our Coxcombs, our legs weak,
We, not our Fiddles had wit to ſpeak,
The company then being faſt aſleep,
And we paid ſoundly, out did creep
Into the high-way,--O ſweet Moon!
We, but for thee, had been undone:

Yet, though thy torch to us was lighted,
We all might well have been indited,
For breaking into others ground,
Three in one ditch being almoſt drown'd
Yet out we ſcrambled and along (throng,
The Play-houſe came,--where ſeeing no
We ſwore 'twas ſure ſome ſcurvie play,
That all the people ſo ſneak'd away,
And ſo the Players deſcended were
Toth'Starres, Nags-head, or *Chriſtopher.*
to all thoſe Taverns (we cry'd) Let's go
At which one fell, and then ſwore--No.
The Bars at Smith-field well we paſt,
For all the Watch had runne in haſte,
Arm'd with chalk'd Bils, wak'by a cry
Of Whore-dorps tane by th'enemy.
From Cow-Croſſe ſtood thoſe ſtoves not far,
In which were entred men of warre,
(Low-Country Souldiers late come o're)
Each one going in to preſſe a Whore.
Leaving them preſſing, on we trot
Through the Horſe-faire, till we had got
Into the middle of Long-Lane,
Where up the Devill do Brokers traine.

There

There down we fell, and then fell out,
Our leathern Caſes flew about
We fenc'd, and foyn'd, and fought ſo long,
That all our Fiddles lay halfe unſtrung,
Their backs were broke, and we oth'ground,
Swouning for griefe they did not ſound;
Our noyſe brought up from Alderſgate
The rugged Watch, who before ſate
Nodding at the old Mermaids dore,
Who with a guard of halfe aſcore
Seiz'd us, and cry'd, at going away,
Sad *Lachrimæ* you there ſhall play.
This told, the Priſoners laugh't out-right,
And though the whole Ward had no light,
Yet from their beds all skip and cry,
Scraper, Strike up, we the Watch defie.
The Moon ſo bold was to look in,
And ſaw ſome only in their skin,
(Naked as Cuckowes when *June's* paſt)
Some had long ſhirts down to their waſte,
Some wanted back-parts, ſome an arme,
None wore a ſhirt could keep him warme,
A French Boy, that ſweeps chimnies, weares
His patch'd up Frock as white as theirs:

Some on their heads no night-caps wore,
Some lapp'd their browes in hose all tore.
They hobble out, they frisk, they sing,
So long that crack'd was every strink,
By their rude horse play altogether,
Flinging their legs they car'd not whither.
Such horrid noise, such stinking smell
Cannot be heard nor felt in hell:
Yet o're they gave not, till the Sunne
Arose, then all to bed did runne.

Good Morrow.

THe Rats into the Trap that fell
This night, were few:--The Constable
Belike did wink, and would not see;
For, when the winds rise, his watch and he
Tosse all that venture on their waves;
The rocks being brown-bils, clubs, & staves,
On which they split them:--These and they
When morning comes are fetch'd away;
Those Rats o'e night whose shapes did leese,
Being soon turn'd men, by paying but fees,
Yet some lose taile, some are scracht bare,
Whilst Constables and Counters share.

FINIS.